The Storm and Perfect Strategy

-How many in our plantations down there?

-Total of about seven thousand.

-We’re losing at least half, even as we speak.

-I heard...rescue train?

-I told them not to bother. It's my estimate tracks'll be ripped up. We're talking category five, are we not? Wave of twenty, thirty feet? Stand on a box down there, you're at the highest point.

-God!

-Budgetary considerations also. I Ruled a lot out, not just train. Any rescue effort‘d cost million or so. Board have my head...and yours. Tough it out and bonuses most generous.

-Chief, that’s some icy calculus!

-Oh yeah? Well that's why I picked you. Those words could've been put in recommendations from previous bosses. I’m not sure that’s truth in advertising.

-It is! So, sad about the deaths. How do we handle PR?

-By starting now! *We're doing everything humanly, and humanely, possible!* Drum that! Tell the fairies in Public Relations to start beating–and I don’t mean their cocks. And don't stop! Also, they should get cholera backgrounders ready to go.

-Excuse me.

-Piles of corpses. Torch 'em. Their halfass religion says they’re supposed to be returned to the hometown, but danger of disease will trump. A few cans of gas and a match. You don't get more cost efficient than that.

-It all sounds clean, if horrible. But can we still get tagged?

-No way. There'll be a report, of course, and we'll rewrite it. Way Cheney and Bush do. Well, first we'll lean on individuals on the committee. Cheney wrote that book! I’m saying that in managerial admiration, not in the usual cheap sarcastic coin of the day.

-In…a way, sounds like those burning bodies really are pawns…excuse the still-itchy conscience. I’ll still underline
everything you say.

-Well they are, and always have been. Hey! We didn’t create the world! In the present frame, each death an act of God. Storm an act of God. Our retaining power here is actually in His interest. We do a herculean amount of good in this world, period! Questions?

-I understand everything. Sometimes wish I didn’t.

-Not quite. When you do you’ll be in this chair. Until then, avoid going wobbly! Or even half, like now.